VOLUME I.

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From the Sargent's Stage Coach. The Irish Widow and her Four Temperance Husbands.

"'Och, daar sir,' cried the poor Irish ried **STEER.US.

**STEER.US.

**TER.US.

**TER.US.

**TOTAL TOTAL TOTA that I am, a lone woman, sir, lift disso-lute, and this same has happunt to me foor times already. It's not for the like o' me

o' my dees. But how it happunt I niver

that I am, a lone woman, sir, lift disso-lute, and this same has happunt to me foor times already. It's not for the like o' me

o' my dees. But how it happunt I niver

let de shtuff alone, call 'em vat you please.

o' my dees. But how it happunt I niver

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o' my de for myself and my poor husbands, all foor on em,—and I, as I toult ye, a lone I was detarmint niver to be married agin widdy into the bargain.' Here she cov- to ony mon, wha tuk sphirit or the like ered her face with her hands, and uttered o' that. 'Daar Polly,' said he, 'ye've a problematical sound between a scream found your own mon, and its Phelim Mc and a howl. After a considerable pause Carthy, at your sarvice. Its myself it is, during which the dutchman had listened that's signed the plidge o' the Timperto the widow's ulucations, with evident ance Society.' 'Sowl o' me,' said I, 'how impatience. 'Dere's notting,' said he, I wish I'd Jist mit ye Phelim, afoor. A with a comical expression, 'will shtop mimber of the Timperance Society ye grief, ven he preak loose, and make a are? 'It's even so, Polly, said he, 'and pig noise, like Hollands did you ever try ye'll not be after finding more jonteel and reysonable people to be sure. I lost 'em?' At first we were a little shocked by the Dutchman's plain inquiry. He no time in being married to Philem, but had evidently seen something of human I repinted at my lasure, indaed I did .nature. He had given abundant evidence He was a bigger drunkard nor John nor during the day, of an affectionate heart, Pether. He laid in three berrils o' oult but he was aparently unwilling to squan- sour cider in the beginning, and he kipt der its sympathies upon a worthless ob- himsilf drunk dee and night. Och, sirs, ject. 'I zay good voman, did you ever whin John Dorry, my firsthusband, daar try de Hollands?' continued he, repeating mon,—when he was drunk wid the raal the question- Och, my sowl, your hon- crathur, he bate me to be sure, but after or, niver, nor any kind o'shpirit; it's not a little batting fro' myself wid the poker mysilf, that would do that same; I never or some sich convainient machine, he'd tuk a dhrap in my hull life only jist, as lay aish he would till the nixt dee. It the good old praist, Father O'Callaghan, wasn't jist the same wid Pether. The used to say, in silf-defince, to kaap the broon shout and porther was moor slaawind aff the stomach, or the like o'that. pier for his nathur, it was; and though. At wakes and birrils, ye know sir, it's all if I did'nt clear out o' his way, whin he right for the dacency o' the thing. But was raal hefuggled, he'd be sure to gie it's myself, that has had enough o' timme a click in the chaps, or a teest o' his perance in my dee, ye may well say that. great shoulther of mutton fist in the ribs. There was my first husband-rest his yet if I kipt a look out, when he was taksowl-John Dory it was, he was a raal ing his short taks and bating into the timperance man. In my oult father's door way, I could na fail to manage him cabin, there was the cratur a plinty, and nately wid the ould mop, ye see. The mony's the brukken head that's fell to handle was just o' the length to kaap him my share for interfaaring atwixt the oult aff, and the oult rags, whin I pit 'em in folks, whin they kim to licks or the like his face, saamed to confuse him pretty o'that ower their whiskey. So I was considerably entirely. It was an aisy detarmined niver to be the wife o'ony thing it was, to pish Pether ower on the bid or maybe the floor, and 'twas asier other nor a timperance mon. John Dory was forward enough in his way o' for him thin to get aslaap, than to clamcoorting, for one o'my country, and I soon ber upon to his ligs agin. Och, sirs, got a chance to smill o' the lad's birth, and these here was a moor paceable sort o' a swater it was nor ony rose, to be sure. basing drunk nor Phelim McCarthy's on There was not the lasst parfume o' the his oult cider. He was iver a jowering, crathur. So I made up my mind, that and niver so rall drunk as to be aisy. He John Dory was the man for Polly M'Gee. kipt his ligs he did, and had the fran use I pit the plain question to him, this a way o' his arms, whin he was the drunkest .-'John Dory,' said I, 'it's not myself, that He made nathing at all o' drubbing me; 'll sit down for life wid a whiskey-drink- wid a hull gallon o' cider, aboord. I trier.'-'Daar Polly,' said he, 'my name's ed to kaap the oult wolf in order, one not John Dory, if I'm the like o' that .- dee, wid the mop jist as I did Pether so I despise the maan shtuff, and ye'll niv- aisy. He whisked it all away in a jiffy. er find me a touching a drap o' it, no time 'I'll gie ye a ride,' said he, 'ye Klikenny o' dee,' So John and me was married, divil's bird; -- an ondacent reflection that and he kipt his promise to the litter .- same upon my barthplace, -so he sanzed But, for all that, there niver was a wo me by the hair, and dragged me a balf man in County Cark, that got such terri- quarter o' a mile, and I crying for marcy the United States, about which clusters ble bantings fro' her husband, as Mrs. Do- tho hull way. Whiniver I toult him he so many thrilling associations, which rery, that was my own self, ye know. And was drunk, as I did pretty riglar ivery calls so many vivid transactions in the for all that, he niver touched a dhrap o' dee; 'It's yourself thats an ignorant baast,' history of our country, and which so for whiskey. It was nathing in the warld he would say; how can Phelim McCarbut brandy and Hollands. John was thy be drunk, its known for a universal kilt outright, in a riglar shelala fight in thing that he's a mimber of the Timperthe city of Cark; and while we were a ance society, and niver touches or tastes Champlain. Who, that has ever been raising the keena at the poor mon's wake, a dhrap o'the raal fiery crathur: We borne along the bosom of that placid lake, the very night afore his birril. Pether was married about two years, whin Phe-O'Keefe, his third cousin by the mother's lim died o' the colic. He said, wid his side, squazed my hand and braathed so last breath, it was the cider, that had gin hard, that 'twas plain enough, he was af him his gruel; and that he didn't belaave ter coorting myself jist then. 'Pether, there was a doctor in the hull warld, no said I, in a whisper, 'he aisy; how can moor nor a potecary, that could take the you be so unseasonable?—'Och, ye're a twist out o' his bowels jist thin. So ye jewel, said he, in a low tone, and thin see, sirs; I was left alone woman intirely. But I'm feard ye'll be thinking I had the and join in the keena for the poor depar- luck o' being coorted, for it wasn't moor ted mon, his own third cousin, as I toult nor a wank arter Phelim's birril, that Pat-

'In about a wank Pether kim to court his own silf. He was five years youngmyself rigiar. I toult him that I was not er nor me; may be there didn't saum that ower covetous o' being maried again .- differ, for I was wonderfully supported 'Ye're maaning to sphake indirectly,' said under my troubles, to be sure. I was he, 'o my cousin Dorys not being so per- more detarmint nor iver niver to be lite as he might 'a been. He bast ye, nobody's wife any moor. Patrick was Im toult .- it was the ondacent thing, to not the liss detarmint himself in his own be sure; but he's anunder boord now, and way. It was not the assiest thing in the we'll be after saying pace to his sowl .- world to resist the lad that he was. I lit Ye'll be safe enough, Polly, wid Pether him see jist how I had been desaaved and O'Keefe, if ye'll be a little consinting to chated; and I toult him I'd not be the he the wife of a jontleman like myself .- wife o' the man alive; who would take a It's not my fathers son that will be suck- dhrap o' ony thing, that would be the ing the mountain dew, hinney, from mar- maans o' gitting him drunk. 'Polly, said ning to night. Whiskey's a maan thing, he, 'I'll confess to ye now. I'se taken a ony how; Jamaica is hauting; so is bran- chaaring dhrap now and thin, to be sure, dy; and gin is is pertikler dishagraable. but its mysilf that'll do a most ony thing

I never tak a dhrap o' em, Polly, and, by to place the like o' you. Now, an it's the powrs, its not mysilf that ever wull.' your wall and plisure, we can fix it this a 'Haar, ye see, was a real timperance way: haars a Timperance Society, that mon, none o' ye half-way spalpeens, that goes the hull as they say, none o' your are nather one thing nor the tother .- half-way societies it is. Ivery mimber o' Afoor two months we was married, Pe- it is bound fast, sowl and body. not to ther and mysilf, and a right paceable take a dhrap o' any fuddlesome liquur, time we had o' it, for four and twenty ye see, saving as a medicine. Now it's hours. The very next night it was, that Patrick McClannigan, that'll sign the Pether O'Keefe kim home as drunk as a plidge o' that same society.' 'Do it, Patbaast. 'Och, Pether, said I, 'I'm faaring rick, said I, 'and I'll be Mrs. McClannio' mud, I'll be after knocking your taath that he had plidged himself to abstain dant foliage had been exchanged for a class down into your bread basket ony from ivery intoxicating liquor, saavin as dress of yellow, and red, and brown, lookhow, 'Och, Pether, Pether, said I, 'is a medicine. We was married, and I'm ed happy in the joyful coming of the King He ordered his men to lie down upon the do so no more, and quit even,—[Ex. it yourself that well be using me that a telling ye the truth whin I say, that he of Day; the merry birds, whose twitter- rock, with faces toward it, that they themway? Ye've been up to the dishtillery.' niver had a wall day after that. He drinkt ing songs had been succeeded by the Its a lie, an place ye, cried Pether; 'Ive whisky like a sponge, and iver as a medi- whistling of the Autumn blast, again ap- brush, and yet might perceive the movebeen down to Bill Keegan's wid half a cine. Whin he got drunk, as he did at peared skipping about upon the pliant dozen moor tasting a few quarts o' broon Billy OF unigan's birril, I toult him he branches of the trees, and filling the reshtout.' 'Daar mon,' said I, 'ye've prom- had bruken his plidge. 'No Polly daar, sounding woods with their echoing notes; ised me to have nathing to'do wid the said he, 'isn't midicine for the sowlo' mel while the waters of the placid lake rolled and white it is? cried Pether, as he sph- no great opinion o timperance, ye be- from their liquid surface the bright imrang up in a rage; by the powers ye shall laave.'

fit, about sivin waaks after we was mar- nation of her story, 'you have sailed upon little village at its outlet then called He observed that they were exceedingly 'I thought I had had enough of the haven where you would pe. Vat dish vo- founded it, and now Whitehall. Those on each side of a canoe, and one on the matrimony and timperance to boot; so I man tell,' continued he addressing the who have passed down the lake, will re-rudder in the stern-that the three on

was able to tell, in a year or something less it was, after Pether O'Keefe was pit under board, I was overpersuaded by 'dere vill pe moor dan von hour pefore of the lake, which is there so narrow as to render it difficult, almost impossible for site each to see if any enemy were at Phelim McCaythy, a nast young mon it we arrive at _____. Vill you please steamboats of the present day to pass it. hand. As is customary among the Indiwas. Afoor we was married, I toult Phe- to give us a leetle more of your talk apout About one quarter of a mile below the ans, their causes proceeded in what is tim o' all the trouble myself had had, wid de temperance pisness? Maype, you can John Dory and Pether O'Keefe, and how give a shtory yourself." From Hine's Quarterly Journal and Review

"I Mark the Hours that Shine." BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

In fair Italia's classic land. Deep in a Garden bower, A dial marks with shadowy hand Each sun illumined hour; And on its fair unsullid face, Is carved this flowing line, (Some wandering band has paused to trace

"I mark the hours that sh Oh! ye who in a friend's fair face Mark the defects alone, Where many a sweet, redeeming grace Doth for each fault atone Go! from the speaking dial learn
A lesson all divine, From faults that wound your fancy turn,

"And mark the hours that sh When bending o'er the glowing page, Traced by a god-like mind, Whose burning thoughts, from age to age Shall light and bless mankind; Why will ye seek 'mid gleaming gold, For dross in every line, Dark spots upon the snn behold, "Nor mark the bours that shine?"

Oh! ye who bask in Fortune's light, Whose cups are flowing o'er, Yet, through the weary day and night, Stil! pine and sigh for more; Why will ye, when so richly bless'd Ungratefully repine?
Which sigh for joys still unpossess'd,
"Nor mark the hours that shine?"

And ye who toil from morn till night To earn your scanty bread Are there no blessings rich and bright, Around your pathway spread? The conscience clear, the cheerful heart, The trust is love divine, All bid desponding cares depart, "And mark the hours that shine.

And ye who bend o'er Friendship's tomb, In deep and voiceless wo, And sadly feel no second bloom, Your blighted hearts can know; Why will ye weep o'er severed ties, When friends around you twine? Go! yield your lost ones to the skies, "And mark the hours that shine."

Deep in the garden of each heart, There stands a dial fair, And often is its snowy chart
Dark with the clouds of care;
Then go! and every shadow chase That dims its light divine; And write upon its gleaming face, "I mark the hours that shine

From the New Haven Courier.

Put's Rock. There is, perhaps, no body of water in cibly reminds us of the dangers, the labors, the toils our ancestors underwent for the freedom we now enjoy, as Lake but felt his heart throb with patriotic admiration of noble bearing, as he passed by the spot which was the scene of the naval batt'e of Plattsburgh? Who has not at such a time in his imagination seen the undaunted, the skilful, McDonough; as he gallantly drew up his small flotilla, zealously exhorting, both by word and action, his small body of men, and firing them with patriotic zeal and unshrinking firmness, to meet a superior force? Who rick McClannigan made me an offer of has not as he was passing by the ruins of "Old Ty," seen the fearless Allen, sword in had marching with his handful of "Green Mountain Boys," up to the old fort, and demanding its surrender, with a tone of irresistable authority, "in the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!" Who, that has ever looked upon these old ruins, and reflected how that daring band rushed on, determined to conquer or to die-determined to raise high upon rocky battlements the flag of the "stars and stripes.", or perish in the attempt, has not felt, in-

> "Death is the worst; a fate that all must try; And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die !"

But without referring to other memorable places on the lake, which are well known, and constantly presenting themselves to its intelligent traveller, I would call the attention of the reader to one spot on its banks, which is little known to our citizens generally, but which is rendered exceedingly interesting, from an incident connected with it, which it will be my desire to relate.

It was a beautiful morning in the month age of the golden sun.

tions on the peaceful citizes, whom they would be one of life and death. might find engaged in their domestic ceconstions

innocence, female purity are alike the The Major commanded that no man victims of his lawless brutality. And should fire before a given signal, which who that better knows this fact than Ma- would be a gentle rap upon his own gun. jor Putnam? He himself had suffered waited any of his countrymen who might was sufficient evidence that the ambuscaand with that determined bravery and waited with death-like stillness, and with in his purpose of boldly repelling the ag- tion urged, and their peculiar position gressor, should be make his appearance enabled them so easily to visit destructhis morning. The Major and his com- tion upon a cruel and implacable foe, radds had not been sitting long upon the bank, when the former, ever watchful to if his expected visitants were in sight,

tions which he had excited in them seem- voltey of the whites had done dreadful ed to fail in being realized, he himself felt execution-five of the Indians in the first a slight presentiment that the crafty en- boat were killed instantly-in the second emy would yet show themselves; that he would not let pass so fair an opportunity of attacking his white-skinned brother, at a time when he well knew the latter the pale, lifeless corses of their brethren would be engaged in the necessary avo- stretched in the red gore around them. cations of the day. By this speech his and fearing that if they resisted, the men was encouraged, for they were ea- whites, from their superior number, ger to spend the force of a well aimed ball would administer a similar f. te to them, upon their cunning a lversary, and they surrendered themselves prisoners. They knew that their leader seldom formed a were permitted to bury their dead brethfalse judgment with respect to the future; ren, which they did with their usual solthat when he told them his belief that emuity, interring with them their weapwhen any thing would come to pass, the one and trinkets, and singing over their

Thus elated they sank back upon the green grass, from which they had arisen hands of a proper officer, and treated with in honor to the Major, when he commen- all the kindness, and granted all the libced speaking. The latter had scarce erties, which their situation prompted. turned his head again to watch for the adversary, when he saw in the "dim distance" what seemed to him a small band of canoes, moving, he could not tell in his party were stationed, has been called which direction. Keeping his eye stead "Put's Rock." Although the incident is ily upon them, he soon discovered that he was not deceived, and that three canoes, filled with Indians, were slowly and cautiously proceeding up the lake towards him. The Major, significantly montoning to his men, silently approached them and announced the discovery; and as the are rendered interesting by their associenemy were not far distant it became him ations, should by no means fail to visit to make quick preparations to receive them. The spot on which he had determined to await was an immense rock that extended along the lake some thiry five or forty feet, and back from it about 'away wid your blarney, or by the powers an hour he kim back wid a certificate, August noonday; the forests, whose ver-

Having made those preliminary arrangements, the Major took his station behind a tree, in order to observe more crathur; now jist take a bit o' paper, and But he is did and gane, poor lad, and I themselves onward, unconscious of the particularly the number of men in the beautious scene, save as they reflected boats and their preparations. They soon boats and their preparations. They soon came near enough to enable him to satisfy his curiosity. He discovered that the have it in black and blue, said he, and have it in black and blue, said he, and he gave me a click in the eye, that sent ry narrative, had occasioned more smiles jor General Israel Putnam found himself who were armed with tomahawks and from the eye, that sent ry narrative, had occasioned more smiles jor General Israel Putnam found himself who were armed with tomahawks and from the eye, that sent ry narrative, had occasioned more smiles jor General Israel Putnam found himself who were armed with tomahawks and from the eye, that sent ry narrative, had occasioned more smiles jor General Israel Putnam found himself who were armed with tomahawks and from the eye, that sent ry narrative, had occasioned more smiles jor General Israel Putnam found himself who were armed with tomahawks and from the eye, that sent ry narrative, had occasioned more smiles jor General Israel Putnam found himself who were armed with tomahawks and from the eye, that sent ry narrative, had occasioned more smiles jor General Israel Putnam found himself who were armed with tomahawks and from the eye, that sent ry narrative, had occasioned more smiles jor General Israel Putnam found himself who were armed with tomahawks and from the eye, that sent ry narrative, had occasioned more smiles jor General Israel Putnam found himself who were armed with tomahawks and from the eye, the eye of th

selves might be concealed by the under-

ments of the enemy.

NUMBER 17. me head ower haals upon the floor. I than tears. 'Vell, mine goot voman, ex- upon the yet green banks of Lake Cham- long knives, and who were fancifully was soon Pether's widdy for he died in a claimed the old Dutchman at the termi- plain, three-fourths of a mile north of a painted to strike terror into their foes. von vinegar vayage, mitout coming to de Skeensborough, from Major Skeene, who cautious in their approach—that three sat "Elbow" is situated the spot on which called "Indian file," one after the other, Major Putnam with fifteen of his brave which was rendered peculiarly necessary companions had sat down, in part to re- from the narrowness of the stream. Mr. cover from the farigue of a toilsome jour- jor Putnam well knew that the lives of ney, and in part as the morning was so his comrades and hinself depended upon fine, the Major anticipated that some of the success of the first fire, for that if the Indians who yet remained hostile in much the larger number were slain, the those regions, and who were thirsty to re- remainder, fearing a similar fate, would venge the deaths of their lost comrades, yield themselves up prisoners; but if in would attempt to commit some depreda-this they failed, the succeeding struggle would be one of life and death. He therfeore arranged his men in such a manipations.

It has been often remarked, and the might be killed at this fire. He divided observation is no less true for being trite, them into three companies of five each, that the American Indian, when enraged, while he himself went into the one nearis the most bloodthirsty creature that east the enemy. One canoe was assignbears the name of man; when his auger ed to each company, three men were seis once aroused, when his desire for ven- lected to fire at the three heismen, and gence is once inflamed, he knows no lim- the other four of each company at the it to his cruelty; defenceless age, childish main body in their respective canoes.-

> The canoes were approaching; the all the severities that savage injustice whites knew their duty, and were precould inflict; he himself had traveled pared to do it. As the first boat, slowly night after night, whipped on by the lash but gracefully skimmed over the surface of the Indian, his uncovered back expo- of the waters, moved into the view of the sed to the winds and rains of heaven, his company to whom it was assigned, it was naked feet torn and bloody by the sharp with difficulty that they restrained themthorns and cutting rocks over which he selves from commencing the work of dewas compelled to walk, and when at his struction; but veneration for the comjourney's end, he himself had been bound mands of their leader, whom they so dearto the malefactor's stake, had seen the ly loved, and a prudent regard for their dry wood heaped around him, the torch own safety, prevailed. By degrees the lighted, and had felt the lambent flames second and third boats moved along belick his naked body, while a savage yell fore them, and the calm, undisturbed air arose over his agonies. Well, indeed- of the Indians, together with the dillicould he appreciate what barbarities ,a gence with which they plied their oars, fall into the hands of his relentless foes; ders were yet undiscovered. The men heroic patriotism which ever distinguish- throbbing hearts the long-delayed signal ed him in times of danger, he was fixed -long it seemed to them when inclina-

When the Major saw that the cances were in the position most favorable to the interests of his friends, arose to see himself, and that his men were ready, at the given signal, to execute his commands He stood upon the bank, looking down with his pocket knife in his left hand, he the placid lake as far as his eye could gently tapped the barrel, while with the reach, but nought appeared in view. Re-joiced that the enemy did not appear, own gun. The Indians, always on the ayet, disappointed in his expectations, lert, heard the signal, quickly rose up. he turned his head to make the amounce- bent their keen eyes upon the bank, dropment to his friends. He said, as yet, no ped their oars, and snatched up their for was seen-that though the expectatiomahawks, but it was too late. The result invariably proved his opinion cor- graves a funeral song. Subsequently, they, together with the wounded, were conducted to Whitehall, placed in the until the close of hostilities.

Ever since the occurrence of this incident, the rock on which the Major and so well known to the inhabitants of that part of the country, and is on the tongue of every school boy, it has never I believe become a matter of written history. Every traveller who visits Lake Champlain, and is anxious to see all those scenes that "Put's Ruck."

We Fixed that Chap.

A few days ago, a gentleman (!) came into our sanctum and took of his hat, and thirty feet, and sloping towards the wa- picked up a piece of manuscript and comter. A short distance to the north of this, menced reading closely. We reached and in the direction from which the one- over and took a letter out of his hat, wrimy were approaching, there was a small folded and commenced reading it. He number of half-grown trees, consisting of was so busy that he did not discover how shad-plum, beach and elm, which helped we were paying him in his own coin, to conceal the Major's party; but what until we asked him what it was his corcontributed most to this effect was a thick respondent was writing to him about a copse of birch and spice-wood, that had woman?-"Why look here, squire," says its yourself, that has been middling with gan right away.' He shprang upon his taken root in a thin soil that lay over the taken root in a thin soil that lay over the he "you surely are not reading my priradient splendor, that rivalled that of an rock. Add to this that the rock is elevate letter?" "Certainly, sir," said we. water, and you have the spot which the acripts." He was plagued-begged us Major had selected for his ambuscade .- not to mention his name -- promised to

BILIOUS CHOLIC .- The following receipe has never been known to fail in a single instance. 'Take, say a fourth of a pennd of common plug chewing tobectear it well to pieces and put it in a vessel and pour on to it a sufficiency of boiling water to moisten and swell the leaves, lay on a cloth and apply it to the soat of the pain,

Who was the most pathetic manin bisstone. - Bost. Post.